Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweet milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie,
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that mad men haue no eares.
Ro. How should they, when wise men haue no eyes.
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy haire,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knocks.

Fri. Arise, one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe,
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of heart-sicke groanes
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken (stay awhile) stand vp.

Knocke againe.

Run to my studie (by and by) Gods will,
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's

Where's my Ladies Lord, whe
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made dr
Nur. O, he is euen in my M
Iust in her case. O wofull simp
Pitious predicament, euen so l
Blubbring and weeping, weep
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and y
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake ri
Why should you fall into so de
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, death's
Rom. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*
Doth not shee thinke me an ol
Now I haue staynd the child-h
With blood remoued, but little
Where is shee? and how doth
My conceald Lady to our cance
Nur. Oh, shee sayes nothing
And now fals on her bed, and t
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *R*
And then downe falls againe.
Rom. As if that name shot fr
Did murther her, as that names
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell
In what vile part of this Anatom
Doth my name lodge? Tell me,
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand
Art thou a man? thy forme cryes
Thy teares are womanish, thy w
The vnreasonable furie of a beas
Vnseemely woman in a seeming
And ill beseeming beast in seemi
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my ho
I thought thy disposition better
Hast thou slaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou

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